There was another worthy brother, Peter Clark, whose wife was Martha Blair. He died several years since on a farm south of Hillsboro.

The history of Sheldon Clark illustrates the Pocahontas possibilities in reach of those who are moral in habits, diligent in business, honest and strictly upright in their business relations. The advancement of such may be slow, but it will be sure and enduring, and the results bring comfort and influence to those who inherit them, a rich heritage to children's children.

Phebe Ann Lightner was married to John Cleek, on Knapps Creek, on the place now occupied by the homes of their sons, Peter L. and the late William H. Cleek, and their daughter, Mrs B. F. Fleshman.

The annals just recorded of these persons may be brief and simple, but yet how very suggestive as one reflects upon them. From these biographical notes material may be gathered illustrating pioneer sufferings and privations, thrilling romance, tragic incidents in peace and war.

JOHN BARLOW.

Among the worthy pioneers of our county, the venerable John Barlow, ancestor of the Barlow connexion, is very deserving of remembrance. He was the only son of Alexander Barlow, of Bath County, who was a French emigrant, and had married an English emigrant, whose name was Barbara. He was living in Bath when the Revolutionary war came on. Entering the service of the colonies he fell in battle, according

to authentic tradition.

This soldier's widow married Henry Casebolt and lived at the Auldridge Place on the mountain overlooking Buckeye.

Our pioneer friend was born November 26, 1781, and when he reached manhood, he found employment very readily for he was honest and industrious. There will always be a place for such as long as there remains work to be done. Alexander Waddell, who lived on the Moore place near Marvin, had him employed. Young Barlow and one of the daughters became attached, and were married in 1806. The engagement occurred while Martha Waddell and Yong Barlow were getting in a supply of firewood. She drove the sled while he chopped and loaded. It is not often that wood is chopped and hauled under such pleasingly romantic circumstances. At the time of their marriage the groom was 25 and the bride 16.

John and Martha Barlow began home keeping at the "Briar Patch," on Buckley Mountain, now known as the Pyles property. A point that commands a very extensive view. Afterwards Mr Barlow bought a piece of land from Thomas Brock, on Redlick mountain. Here he built up a home, reared his family, and spent the greater part of his married life. This property is now owned by his son, Henry Barlow.

They were the parents of ten sons and five daughters: William, Alexander, James, John, Nathan, Josiah, Henry, Amos, George, and Andrew. The daughters were Elizabeth, who became the wife of the late William Baxter, Esq.; Miriam, who married Sam-

uel Auldridge; Mary Ann married James Auldridge; Ellen, who died at the age of four years; and a daughter unnamed, dying in infancy a few weeks old.

The eldest son, William, moved west and settled in Schuyler County, Missouri. Of this large family but three are now surviving. Henry Barlow, near Edray, on the old homeplace. He has been a merchant and grazier, and has been very successful in business. The second survivor, and one of the youngest of the family, is Amos Barlow, of Huntersville. He is a merchant and farmer, and prospered greatly in business affairs. He is President of the County Court, and widely known.

It is worthy of mention that when our worthy pioneer bought the Brock land he paid for it in venison at fifty cents a saddle or pair. Mr Barlow estimated the number of deer killed by him at fifteen hundred. On the most lucky day of all his hunting career he killed six deer and wounded the seventh. He never kept count of the bears, panthers, wildcats, turkeys, and foxes shot by him. The elk and buffalo were virtually exterminated before his hunting days.

He was an expert marksman, and passionately fond of shooting, but the rules of his church—the Methodist Episcopal, of which he was one of the original members on Stony Creek—forbade shooting for prizes. A shooting match was arranged for in the neighborhood, and he attended as a spectator. The main prize was a quarter of beef. Near the close of the match a neighbor proposed to Mr Barlow to shoot in his place as his substitute. After much solicitation he consented, took

careful aim, and pierced the centre, thus gaining the savory prize of fat beef. A scrupulous fellow member felt in honor bound to report to the Presiding Elder, and have the offending brother duly disciplined for the credit of religion. The Elder had him cited to appear before the quarterly conference for trial. Brother Barlow meekly obeyed, and put in his appearance. When his turn came on the docket, the Elder said:

"Well, Brother Barlow, you are charged with shooting for a prize. What did you do?"

"I merely shot once," replied Mr Barlow, "to accommodate a friend, not for the purpose of getting a prize for myself."

"Did you win the prize."

"I did."

"Did you get the beef?"

"Only so much as my friend sent me for a mess."

"Was it good beef?"

"Yes, very nice."

"Well," says the Elder, after some apparently serious reflection, and solemn groanings ot the spirit, "I see nothing wrong in what Brother Barlow has done, so I will just drop this case and proceed to the next matter of business."

During his last days, while kept at home and out of the woods by the infirmities of age, our venerable friend was asked if he would like to live his life over again. He replied; "I have no wish to live my life over again, but there is one thing I would like to do, and that is to have one more good bear hunt on Red

Lick Mountain."

This aged and interesting man passed away January 23, 1866, verging 85 years of age. His devoted wife died October 7, 1872, aged 82.

Conscientiously honest themselves, they believed everybody else to be honest. They were Israelites in deed, in whom there was no guile. On them and their children rest the blessing promised to the meek and the pure in heart; provided, they cherish purity and meekness as their venerated pioneer ancestors did.

FELIX GRIMES.

This paper is devoted to the memory of two persons whose numerous descendants have formed an influential element of our citizenship for the past 75 years.

Felix Grimes, the pioneer, and his wife, Catherine, were natives of Ireland. The ship on which they sailed came near being lost during a storm in mid-ocean. At one time the masts were touching the waves, and water pouring in over the ship's side. The passengers and some of the sailors were in frantic terror,—some were praying, some cursing and swearing, and some wildly screaming with fright. The captain and some of the crew were self-possessed enough to urge the passengers to the opposite side of the vessel, and it righted at once, and the voyage was made in safety thereafter. It took three months to make the crossing. The landing was at New Castle, most probably, and some time was spent in Pennsylvania. Following the tide of emigration, these persons finally located a home on the